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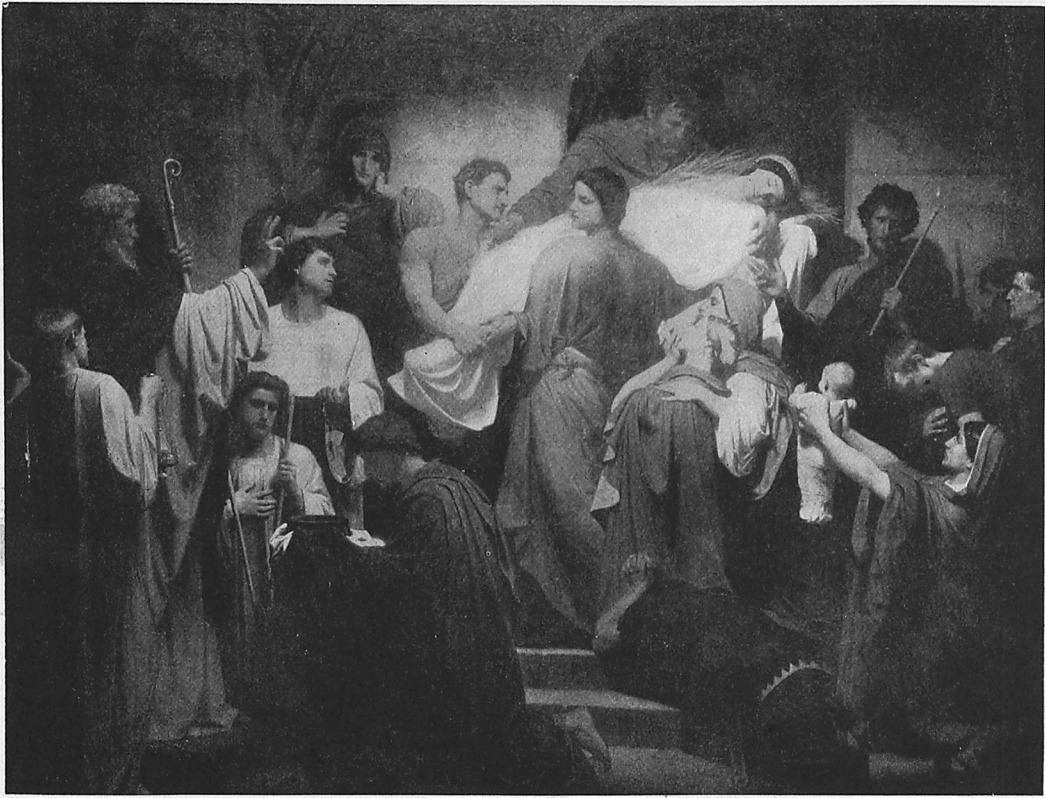
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"NAISSANCE DE VENUS"
By W. A. Bouguereau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.



"LE CORPS DE SAINTE CECILE APORTE DANS LES CATACOMBES"
By William Adolph Bouguereau

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

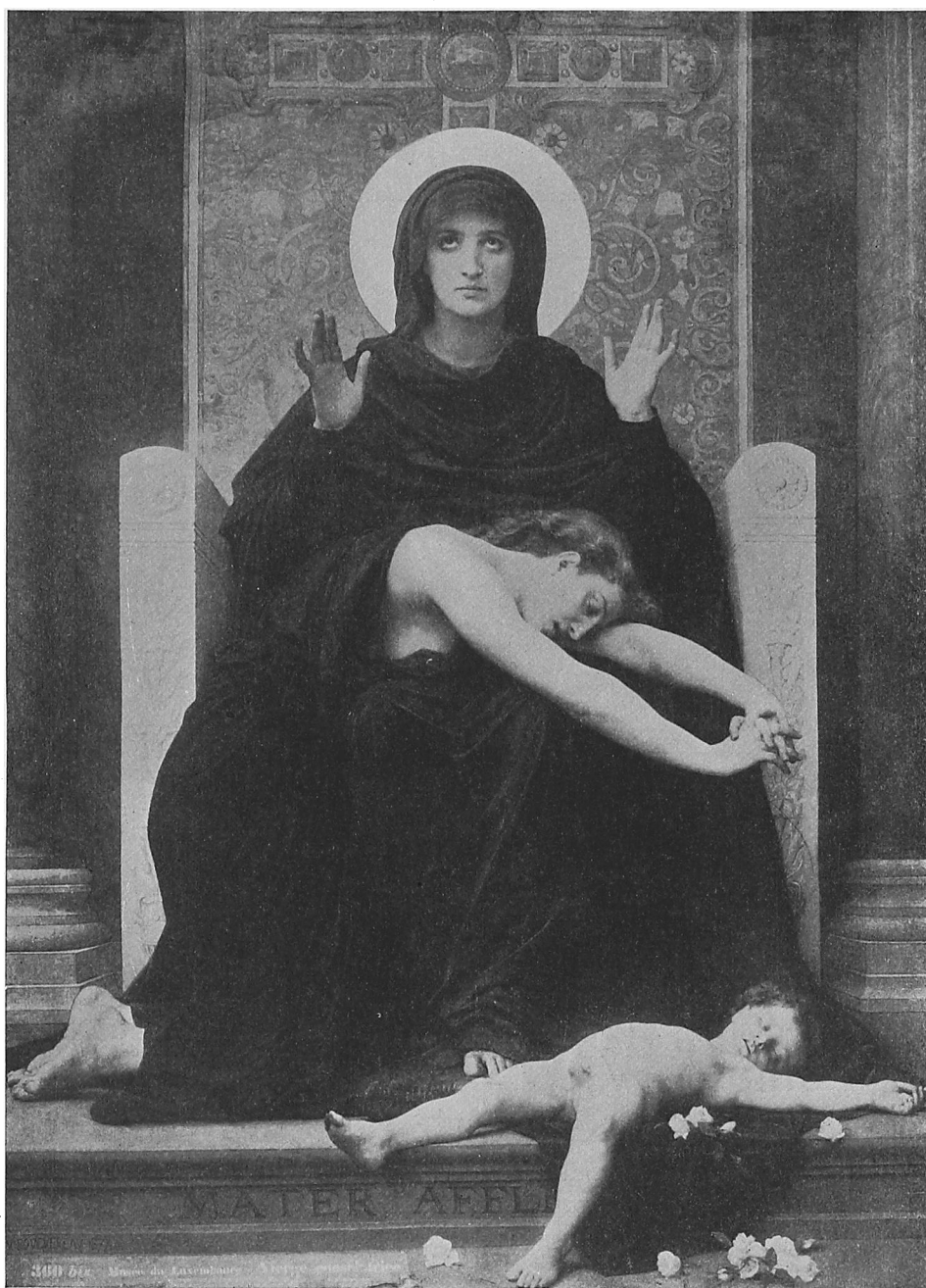
Seeing—The Sense of Observation and the Point of View—Temperament and the Contemplation of Nature

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

WE spoke at some length of Jean-Charles Cazin in the second chapter. He was one of the pupils of that remarkable master de Boisbaudran, who has won immortality not through his own pictures but through the genius of his scholars. De Boisbaudran was one of those rare teachers who penetrate the souls of his pupils, analyzing their natural inclinations in art and propagating them as a gardener

does his plants. This Boisbaudran School has graduated some of the greatest realists in contemporary art, Rodin, Legros, Gabriel Ferrier, L'hermitte, and many others. Cazin put new life into French landscape art, which at the time had fallen into imitative mannerisms based on the manners of Corot, Rousseau, Dupré and Diaz. He was a naturalist, with the eye and brush of a poet. In his early days he was a painter of

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"VIERGE CONSOLATRICE"
By William Adolph Bouguereau. (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

history, sacred and profane, and of genre. Later in his career he was essentially a landscapist.

Cazin loved solitude and knew the language of things. He threw a glamor over the simplest scenes. He loved the pale sandy wastes, the wide melancholy views, grass parched and wind dried, the hazy northern skies and clouds sweeping over the hill. At the first view of one of his pictures one is always seized by the irresistible seduction of the picturesque whole, by the strong and profound charm, the accord of the light and the place where the action takes place. One is seized, surprised, ravished and conquered before having thought of the subject, for of what importance is the motive chosen by the intelligence of such a man?

His picture of "*Ismael*" is full of the quality of diffused light and atmosphere.

As in all of Cazin's pictures, it is by the emotional rendering of effects of light that he developed his subject. There is never a blatant story; he was natural and sincere; he painted men, trees, skies and sands as he saw them, just scenes of nature uncomposed. In his historical painting he left out all academic traditions and presented the subject humanely, but never flippantly.

Cazin's imagination has placed the poor mother with her son Ismael in the most desolate, God-forsaken land; a few flowers and plants of the dunes are the only live things in sight. This work is based on the color of sand. He has selected and made use of his material with sand as the basis. It influences the quality of his color throughout and goes even to the sentiment. The dryness of sand we find in his dry, though cheerful, sky; the dryness is due to the suggestion of rose pink. So simple is



"AVEUGLES A TANGER"
By Levy-Dhurmer (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



PAYSAGE BASQUE
By Leon Bonnat

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"UN TORRENT DANS LE VAR"
By Henri Joseph Harpignies (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

the effect, so true the melancholy of the poem, that both the eyes and the heart are conquered.

"*La Chambre de Gambetta*" shows a modest chamber with a few simply framed portraits and engravings. In the center of the room a black wooden bed, the coverings disturbed and the pillows still showing the impression of Gambetta's head. Against the bed is placed a flag, the tricolor by its brightness throws into the scene the note of love of fatherland and patriotism. On the bed and at the foot of the bed are green wreaths. In the background the furniture covered with books and papers have the official red seals. At the left an arm-chair, with his hat still upon it. On the floor are pieces of paper from the wreaths. In this picture Cazin has put more snap than is usual with him. There is no compromise here, or attempt at his usual neutral color effect. It is wonderfully beautiful in sentiment and well presented, but the French flag, the symbol of the sentiment of patriotism, is not within the picture; it is running out of it.

Not satisfied with oils alone, M. Cazin expressed himself in water-color, pastel, combinations of pastel, wax, to say nothing of his work in ceramics and sculpture. Madam Cazin and his son Michael are no mean artists, but there is but one Cazin as yet, and that is Jean-Charles. A third rate dealer in London explained at length to me that the picture he was showing me was really painted by Cazin although signed by his wife, that everyone knew that Cazin did this because his output belonged to a certain dealer. It was amusing to think how gullible I must have looked.

LEVY-DHURMER (French)—"*Aveugles à Tanger.*"

These blind men form a terrible and unpleasant subject, yet the glare and the intense color attract and hold our interest. The heads of the men are finely and firmly constructed and the sad expression in their

faces is so real that one is filled with a great feeling of pity as if in the presence of real suffering human beings.

Levy-Dhurmer is an astonishing draughtsman. He has taste of a rare order, a flexible and delicate fancy, a genuine love of all that is beautiful, a fine sense of order and harmony of line and color, and grasps the character of the subject. He is follower of Leonardo da Vinci in his predi-



"PORTRAIT"

By John W. Alexander (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

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A VOICE FROM THE CLIFFS
By Winslow Homer

lection for fugitive smiles and glances. His ideals and imagination have been influenced by the Italian masters of the 14th and 15th centuries. Nevertheless his delicate, subtle art is thoroughly modern, as it is revealed in many of his pictures. All of his works are not of as unpleasant a subject as our reproduction. One, I remember, an "Eve" who stood like a flower in her delicate flesh, amid the blooms of Eden, sheltered 'neath the Tree of Knowledge, with all the wonders of the rosy sunset gleaming in the nearby peaceful waters. Temptation lurks in all around. The blossoms at her feet cast their sweet scent upward; the butterflies flutter by, the blue lizards run through the grass. Everything teems with life, seduces and suggests; and there above her head, uncoiling his jewelled rings, the legendary serpent utters the tempting words. She is half-smiling, and emotion

trembles on her drooping eyelids. In her all womankind is seen. This is the work of painter and poet at once delicate and sincere.

Levy-Dhurmer's art is serious and sincere. He does not paint for notoriety. He meditates long and carefully before he allows a canvas to leave his studio. He wishes the public to think of his work, not of Levy-Dhurmer.

DEMONT, ADRIEN LOUIS (French) —
"Abel."

A scene of death, in leaden colors, the color of death, while Baudry's "La Vérité" is full of a rosy pink, and Veber's "La Princesse" has a suspicion of a pink blush which lifts us up, excites and brings pleasure to us as we look. A setting sun is cut off by the chain of hills; a stream courses through a green plain; the body of Abel is stretched on the right bank of the river,

the hands almost in the water. Not a cheerful subject. It would seem that in painting the artist chooses either misery or pleasure for his subject, and if you look at a number of paintings you will find that the majority may be classed within these extremes. "La Nuit," by Demont, is good in color, but too gummy.

LUCIEN, SIMON (French)—"*La Procession*."

In "*La Procession*" the coherency of all the parts forms a whole, each thing being in its place and connected with others in logical continuity. The silvery sky, the bare plain of Penmarch, the lurid tones of the landscape, all form a strong setting for the group of priests in white surplices and the train of the hardy men and women of Brittany, in dark costumes, who follow the Cross. This strong, solemn key suits the subjects well. The individual characters are no less happily rendered; the curé,

with his broad comfortable face and sense of dignity as a pastor; his two assistant priests, one of the peasant type, the other more refined; the fishermen with grave and shaven faces; the women's heads, the delightfully artless children are sound, firm art, bearing witness to eager sincerity and alert sympathy of mind. The technique shows strength and skill; the human figures are modeled solidly. The figure of the young priest to the left is a good example of refinement in full light and half shadow. All the Brittany soul is in this procession. It is an impressively powerful picture of the rude emotions of Breton fisherfolk. Without a single forced note, without exaggeration, he makes us love these good people.

It seems fitting that they should follow the Cross on this fête day, to worship in the peaceful little church where the tapers are already lighted. As they enter they will



"UN COMBAT DE COQS"
By Jean-Léon Gérôme (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"LE PAIN BENIT" —Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.
By P. A. I. Dagnan-Bouveret (French)

clumsily make the sign of the cross with their fingertips. The men's solemn faces show the spirit of religion, the spirit of the good old days' deep seated and heartfelt religion. The Te Deum will mean something to them.

BOUGUEREAU, WILLIAM ADOLPH (French)
—"Vierge Consolatrice."

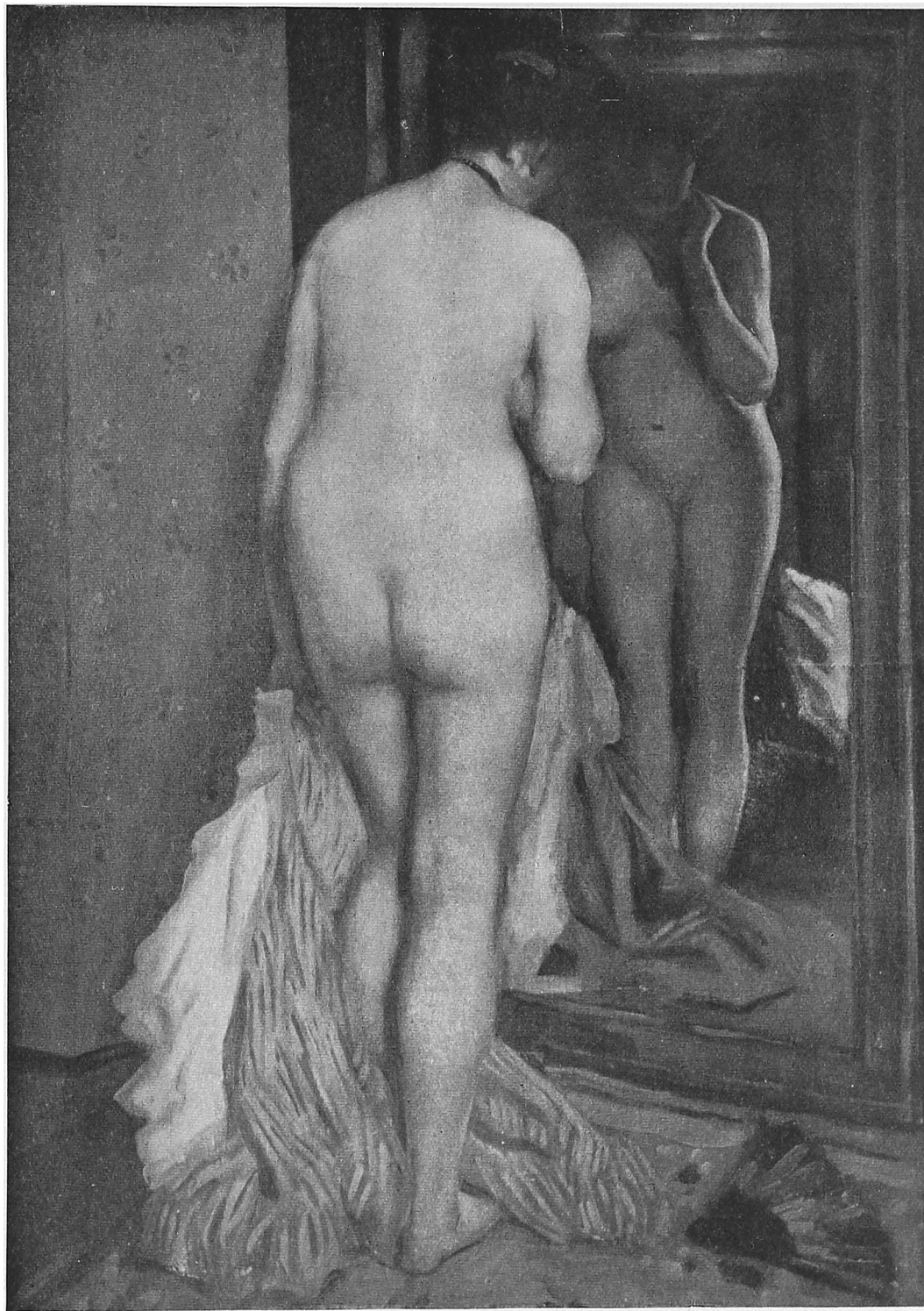
I was reading the other day that somewhere near 1842 there was a veritable riot among the students of the Alaux Art School at Bordeaux. It was occasioned by the award of the prize of the year to a young shopkeeper's clerk from La Rochelle, who was taking daily drawing lessons of

two hours each, which his employer allowed him to abstract from business. The young Bohemians had such a contempt for the young shopman that they resented with violence the fact that he should win the honor of the school above their heads. But Bouguereau received the prize in spite of their protests, and it decided his career. He determined to become an artist. His family objected. He persisted, threw up his employment at the shop, and went, penniless, to live with his uncle, who was a priest at Saintonge, and to paint portraits of the townspeople for a few francs each. Out of his earnings he contrived to save 900 francs, on which capital he proceeded to Paris, entered the studio of Picot (where Cabanel was also a student) and secured admission to the École des Beaux Arts in 1843, at the age of eighteen years. He lived by incredible shifts, finally receiving some small assistance

from his family, until, in 1850, he won the *Prix de Rome*. For four years he was a pensioner and student in that city, and he returned to Paris an artist competent to execute great works. Public commissions and private patronage soon laid the foundation of his fortune.

He was one of the most classical of French artists.

There is a delicacy of finish in his work and refinement. He has qualities of composition, of technical perfection that the old Roman school did not surpass. His pictures are always agreeable to the eyes, the living quality is less seen and the study of reality not marked. They are too amiable



"DEVANT LA GLACE"
By Frieseke (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

creations, caressed by an easy and equal brush. This is the reason, without doubt, for the discussions over his works. The amateurs liked them, while the newer schools did not.

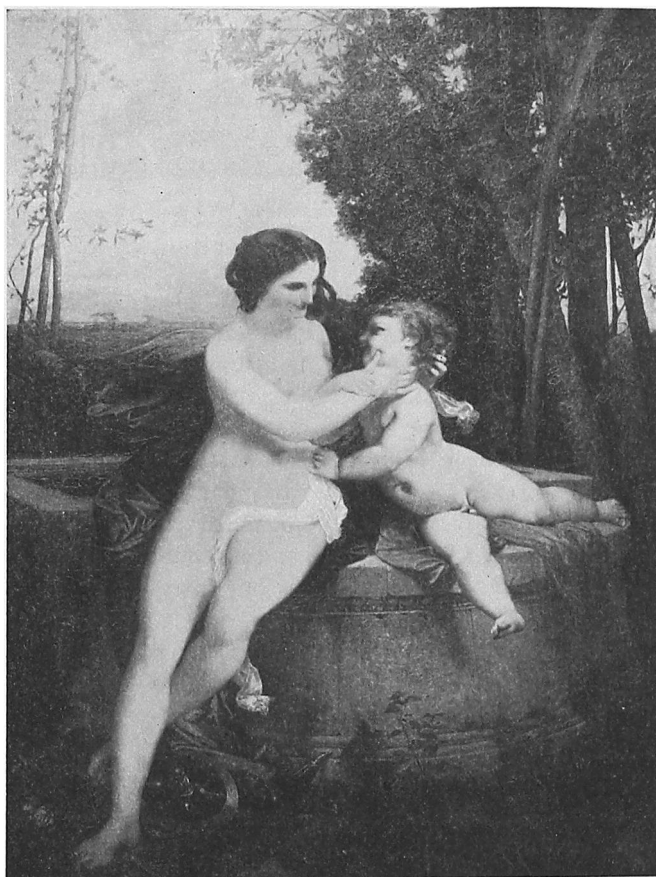
It is allowable to prefer a manner which betrays the impulses of the mind by the strokes of the brush, but this is not Bouguereau's manner. In his own way he is supreme and in years to come when his pictures are mellowed by age and the frequent littleness of his brushwork toned down, his pictures may be beside the great classical masters.

Bouguereau's sole aim seemed to have been an accepted canon of beauty and he sought invariably to comply with it. He continued to paint figures according to this lofty and refined conventionality, considering man merely as a pretext for decorative and graceful silhouettes. He painted each year some new work, always in the same white and rose note, correct in design, but little apt to render intensity of movement or life. He was attracted by the charm and beauty of the nude, by the rendering of life, and by the grace of the human form. Bouguereau, faithful to tradition, continued his search for what he considered the beauty of the human form, indifferent to the adverse criticisms with which he and his work were constantly assailed. He continued placidly along the path selected by him in early life, unerring in his precision and sure in his manner.

In ideal art, in which the female form played a conspicuous part, Bouguereau, for sweetness of line and purity of sentiment as well as form, still holds a leading

position. His elegies, idylls, mythological scenes, his religious pages, his decorations of churches are innumerable. He evoked with an impeccable art, many a Venus and Love, with pure forms and flowery skin.

Whatever fresh interest he introduced into his numerous works was left to change in grouping and attitude. His figures of children and women are graceful in line and sheeny in texture, but his works are but an accumulation of facts often repeated, and after seeing many of these figures one almost feels like saying "The gods preserve us from petty emotions." Nowadays, we demand more from our pictures; mere beauty of line, refinement, technical perfection does not suffice. Now, if you please,



"LA FORTUNE ET LE JEUNE ENFANT"

By Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

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"LES BIJOUX"
By E. Troncy (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

not attain to real dignity of style. Nor is it imposing or noble in austere majesty. It lacks something; it is a little cold, and as we stand before it, we are not moved by a sense of yearning pity over the agony in the face of the mother. Compared with the inspired conceptions of the Italian masters who have depicted the Madonna, Bouguereau's "Vierge Consolatrice" has little of their grandeur or majesty; the simple dignity and the tender feeling are missing. Indeed, compared with these really great works, the "Vierge Consolatrice" is weak, wanting in expression and in strength. A noble theme, but the painter brings but little to it outside of a good intent, a skill in drawing and the representation of heavenly, clean flesh.

we must have a more symmetrical whole; we must have soul, emotion, what you will, all summed up in the word temperament. This Bouguereau lacks. We can admire his flesh tints but we feel no poignant sadness or pity over his pictures of mental suffering, nor do we feel any particular joy in his happier pictures of cupids, for instance. They lack in the rich and splendid color harmony, which intensifies our interest.

If his imagination was never very deep or very tender, it yet frequently rose to very graceful and pretty themes and occasionally to such serious ones as his "Vierge Consolatrice." This picture was conceived at a time of great emotion, in commemoration of his wife's death. Even in this he does not carry us away. There is the drawing and grouping of the figures, which is, as usual, perfect, though it does

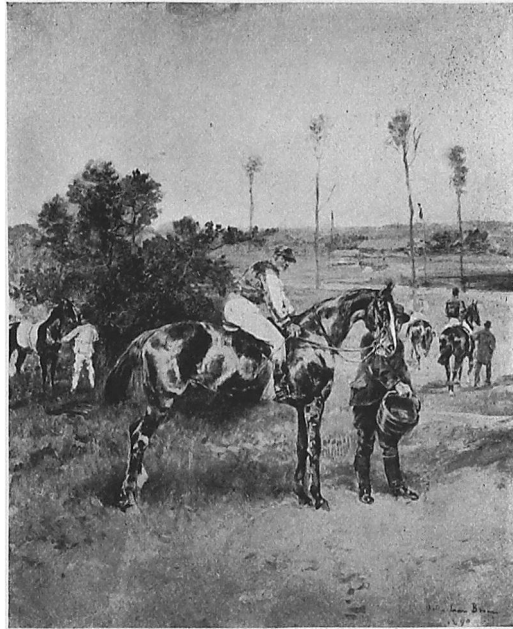
One hears talk of "Madonna hands." Whether Bouguereau has painted them or not, I do not know. I must think of that when I run across mothers of large families and when I next stand in front of my favorite Madonnas. Sometimes a foolish remark leads to a great deal of study and pleasure. A student who had studied under Brangwyn for one year once said to me: "Why does Iwill put birds in his pictures—such a cheap trick." I did not thoroughly enjoy hearing my friend Iwill called a trick painter, so, with no idea in my mind but a gunning for birds, I started for the Louvre and went from picture to picture, in the Thomy-Thiery collection (Barbazon and other 19th century pictures) and almost, literally found birds in every picture, certainly in every man's work—if birds were permissible. Of course, whether the birds were there or not was of no importance, but incidentally I

discovered for myself how very useful they were in giving balance and distance. So now there is no telling where this coming search for "Madonna hands" may lead me.

But to go back to Bouguereau; his peculiar technique has suffered less in the course of time than that of some of his contemporaries, and his influence, little esteemed by the modern school, was nevertheless incontestible in his time.

VUILLARD, J. E. (French)—"*Le Déjeuner*."

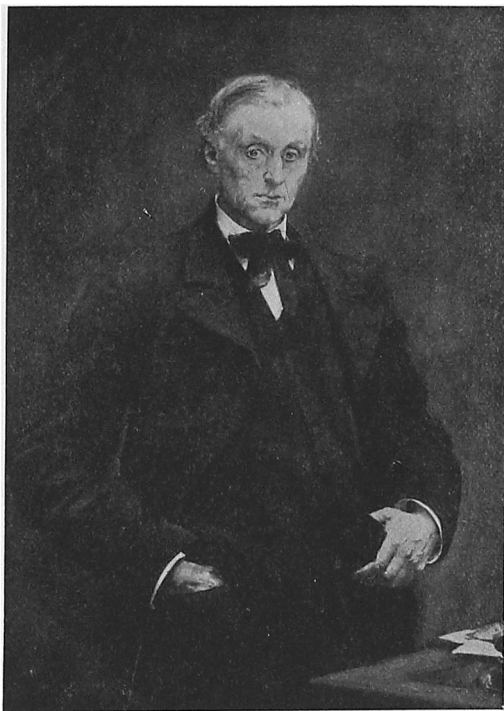
A wonderful bit of inside salon or room painting. It is full of the character of the interior in color, tone and harmony. The wall paper itself is beautiful—a sort of lemon tint accented by little snappy spots of blue and black. Vuillard has painted an endless lot of mediocre pictures, but once in a while we find a picture like "*Le Déjeuner*" which fairly sings, it is so superbly good, brilliant and fascinating.



"AVANT LE DEPART"

By J. L. Brown (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.



"PORTRAIT DE M. PEYRAT, SENATEUR"

By Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

HARPIGNIES, HENRI JOSEPH (French)—"*Un Horrent dans le Var*."

Harpignies was born way back in 1819, and is today, now that Ziem has gone, the Doyen of the French school. He is the last of a generation of great landscape painters, and neither his hand, his eye nor his feelings show the fatigue of the years. Not only does he hold his own but at ninety he is still progressing—so much so that his pictures at the Salon each year are looked for by all those who wish to keep in touch with French Art. He is a worthy successor of masters like Corot, Millet, Rousseau and Daubigny. He holds many a formula dear to the men of eighty years ago; in some of the silvery contours of his trees one can trace the direct influence of Corot, but there is usually more firmness and less grace. On the other hand, many of the modern French landscape painters clearly betray his influence in their work and repeat his methods.

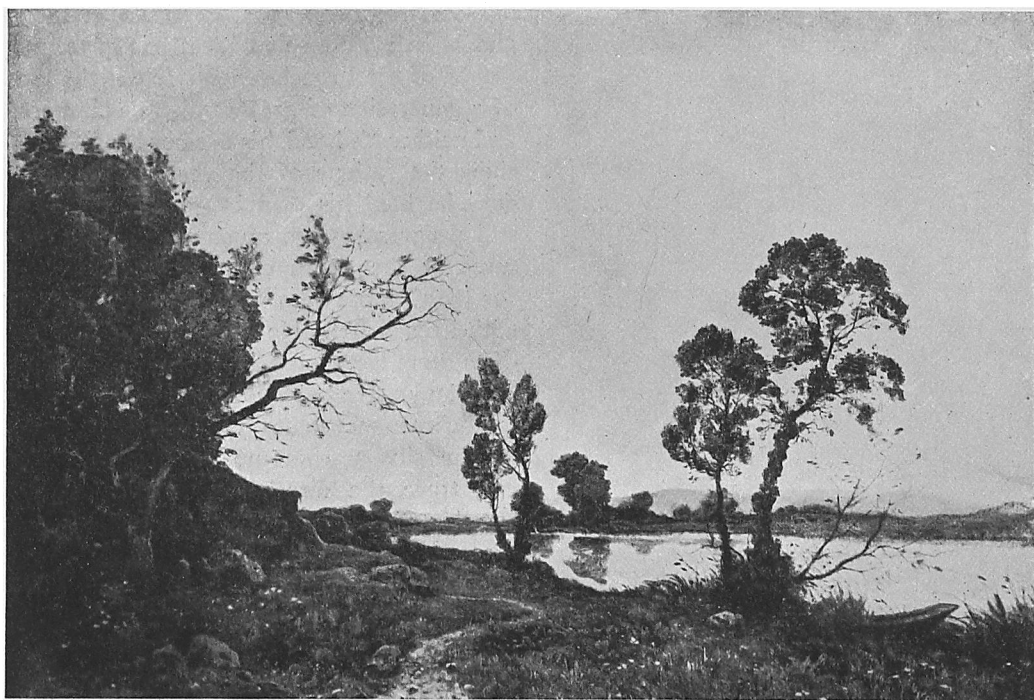
These methods are well known. A certain dryness of color, a certain sober and

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"VUE DE ROME LA NUIT"
By Henri Joseph Harpignies (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.



"EFFET DE LUNE"
By Henri Joseph Harpignies (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

distinguished rendering of the features of the landscape, with great consideration for tones and values, without any special searching for effects, for the sentiment or the message to be conveyed by the particular aspect of nature, but rather, it might be said, with a serene confidence, that the message would deliver itself if only the facts in the case were clearly presented. There is an intimate knowledge of the formation of trees, a certain severity of style with something pure and healthy in every picture.

This picture we reproduce was painted in 1887, and is easily recognizable as following in the line of his best known method. Here is the perfect drawing and knowledge of trees that almost signs the picture, "Harpignies"; a setting sun, under a pink sky flecked with rosy clouds; a little stream winding and tumbling down over the stones between green oak and olive trees towards the center of the picture. That is all but it is enough as Harpignies paints it.

In 1897 the gossip that went the rounds of the studios had it that one of his paintings had been rejected by the Royal Academy and that the Medal of Honor, rarely given to a landscapist, was bestowed upon him, in protest of this action. In London, they explained that Harpignies' picture had been accidentally overlooked in the mass of "doubtful" pictures.

Harpignies is given the doubtful honor of being almost as often faked as Corot who, I have been told, is represented in America alone by 32,000 canvasses, while some authorities generously figure that Corot painted about 8,000 (if all pencil sketches are included) during his whole lifetime.

Apropos of this was a note M. Harpignies sent to M. Henri Rochefort who, to convince a collector of the falseness of his Harpignies had sent him to the artist. This is what M. Harpignies wrote: "My dear friend—If I were not 92 years of age, I would have sent you my seconds for sending that man to ask me if those worthless

daubs were mine.—Yours, Henri Harpignies."

ZULOAGA, IGNACIO (Spaniard) — "*Portraits.*"

It is very possible that your first feeling on seeing one of Zuloaga's pictures will be of repulsion. It may seem too brutal, too positive and emphatic, too forceful. There is a nervous alertness of touch that is disturbing to quiet enjoyment. See if hearing a little of the man's life will bring you nearer to an understanding of his feeling when he painted it.

Zuloaga comes from generations of workers in gold and silver. His father, Placido Zuloaga, was decorated by the French Government for the rediscovery of a lost art and was a great friend of the sculptors, Barye and Carpeaux, and one would imagine that he would have been in sympathy with young Ignacio's ambition to become a painter, but he fought it bitterly, even being willing to compromise on architecture. The boy, however, even at that early age knew what he wanted, and fought



"L'ABREUVOIR"

By Dagnan Bouveret (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

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"PORTRAITS"
By Ignacio Zuloaga (Spaniard)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

for it. This led to summary proceedings on his father's part, and he was apprenticed, like other boys, to his father, until he was eighteen, when a chance visit to Madrid started the trouble all over again. His father bought him material to work with and he made a very surprising copy of an El Greco. Even then he was laughed at and

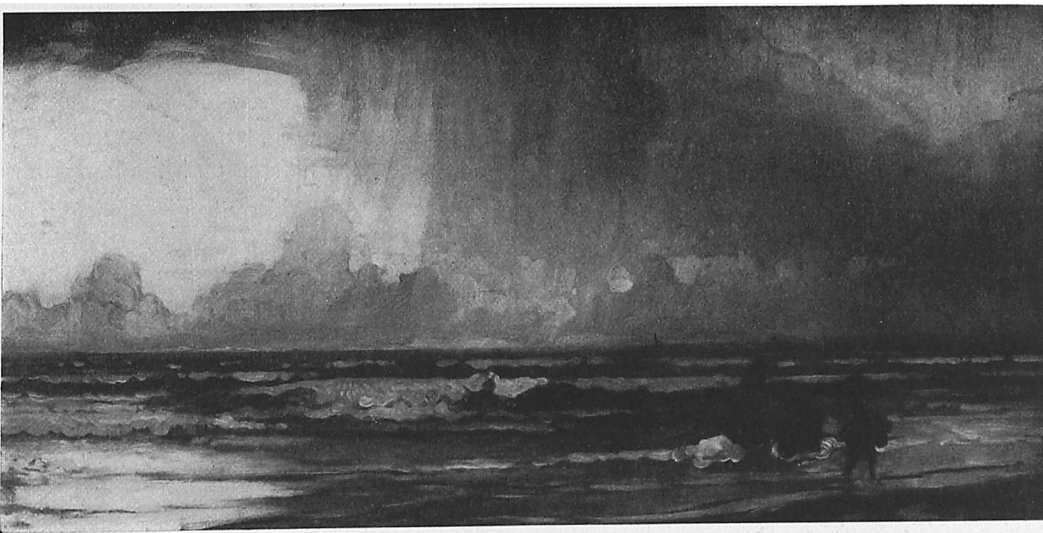
discouraged by his practical minded (for him) family. Pure persistence won his point and he went to Rome, where he found the same uncongeniality that his fellow countryman, Sorolla, had felt a few years before, so he moved on to Paris, aided by money sent him surreptitiously by his mother. In Paris he starved, unnoticed,

unknown. He did, however, exhibit at the Salon of 1890, but did not sell a picture in the years he spent there. Just as he was about to despair, an Englishman, a friend of his father, secured orders for several portraits for him. With this money he went back to Spain, living at Seville, too proud to go home. Here he felt coming to life again all the aspirations that Paris had nearly starved out of him. Under the influence of Spanish skies he expanded, he became enamoured and throbbed with the warmth and intensity of all things Spanish. His palette grew; he added tone after tone, but Spain would have none of him. His independence from all the pettyism and artificiality of the Ricos, Fortunys and Sanchez-Perriers made him an object of no interest to them, so one more of life's lessons was learned and he put away palette and brush and tried to sell antiquities. This was not his *métier* and he fell to bookkeeping. This must have aroused the devil in him for he jumped from that into the bull ring, where his eighteenth bull gored him. While convalescing, he turned to painting and undoubtedly with the bull fight very vividly in his mind, he painted "Before the Bull Fight." This picture proved to be

the turning point of his life. He had a few slaps after that; Spain refused to include this picture among those sent to the Paris exhibition, but his triumph was when the Brussels Museum bought it. I may say here, that Spain itself was among the last to appreciate him, and to a certain extent still remains hostile to him, not realizing that he is a true son of Spain, and that he is reading Spanish types and traits deeper than they have been read since the passing of Velasquez, El Greco and Goya. When Spanish art went into a decline and nearly died, nothing less aggressive than the art of Zuloaga, Sorolla and Anglada could have revived it.

A final humiliating pat by fate was given when Paris paid no especial attention to an exhibition he held there in 1895. Our painter, Dannat, and the great sculptor, Rodin, were among his few admirers. One trouble was that Spain, as Zuloaga painted it, was not Spain to the French; they were not familiar with his subdued richness and silver-black severity. He did not express their feeling of Spain.

Before fifteen years had passed, Zuloaga entered many museums and private collections. He is not ignored by anyone; he



"LE GRAIN"
By Augustus Lepere (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

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"LE PAYE DES MOISSONNEURS"
By Leon L'hermitte (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

may not be liked, for his art is not to everyone's taste. He is not an out-door painter like Sorolla, who reflects the coloring of nature, while Zuloaga takes that of a sculptor's palette for his model. "He is moved by the old grandeur, the rags, the splendor and the dust, the heroic essence and the misery of his people." Tradition of Spanish art, at its best, has ever been a tradition of fearless and masterful graphic realism, not sentimental or fanciful. The intensified impression of the visible is the dominant note of Spanish painting.

And now it is possible that you may see more in this picture than you saw at the first glance. You may see the struggle the young boy went through in Paris, in London; the hunger, the return to his beloved Spain, the scorn of his countrymen; his experience as a bookkeeper, poor fellow, then as matador, and then when he was ill and

all but beaten, the success and appreciation that came. I almost wish that our picture was one with a little more of the racial flavor that he shows in his Dwarfs and Gypsies, but it is the one the Luxembourg has chosen and undoubtedly America will have others for us to see. The "Portraits" is of Daniel Zuloaga and his daughters. Three dark clad figures standing sharply against the blue Segovian sky and wide horizontal plain. What a satisfaction it must be for him to have painted members of his own family into immortality, where they probably would never have reached had he not fought with such superb self-reliance for his aspirations.

WALDEN, LIONEL (American)—"*Les Docks de Cardiff*."

Twenty-six years ago young Walden went to Paris from Norwich, Connecticut,

BY CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER



"LA VÉRITÉ"
By Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

to study under Carolus-Duran. He is not as well known among us as he ought to be, although a number of our museums have his pictures; still, the greater number have staid in France where he belongs to a half dozen societies and has had the honor to be a "Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur" for some time.

Mr. Walden has a feeling for the secret beauty of things. He enjoys taking an ugly subject, or one that most people would consider ugly, and showing it to have unsuspected beauties. His Luxembourg picture is very ordinary in subject, mud, coal, dust, steam engine, coal trucks: could anything be uglier? and yet, by his treatment and certain conditions of light, it is a very beautiful thing. The light is that between daylight and dark, on a rather dirty, rainy evening, with a quiet glow over everything. Steam, smoke, and the different colored lights are strongly reflected on the ground and on the rails that run back in a curve to the distant coal dumps. An engine sends white steam floating across the picture. It is a picture strong in values and agreeable in tone and shows an artist of keenest sensibility.

ALMA-TADEMA (Hollander, naturalized Englishman)—"*Roman Potter.*"

To understand, by contrast, the delicate appreciation of an artist, compare this potter with, say, Bastien Lepage or Fantin-Latour, and see the failure in this appreciation, in this power of selection. It is a pottery workman without a touch of pottery near, about or around him. If it were not for the title, we might guess for a day and yet not guess what the artist had in mind; for it's not a vision he has seen in nature or in mind; it's merely the figure of a man, a posed man, perhaps faithfully but certainly timidly modeled. In the pictures one usually sees by Alma-Tadema the rose-water mythology has nothing of the great antique passion about it. The figures are theatrical and perform their parts in a pan-



"*Portrait de Madame M*"

By Victor Mottez (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

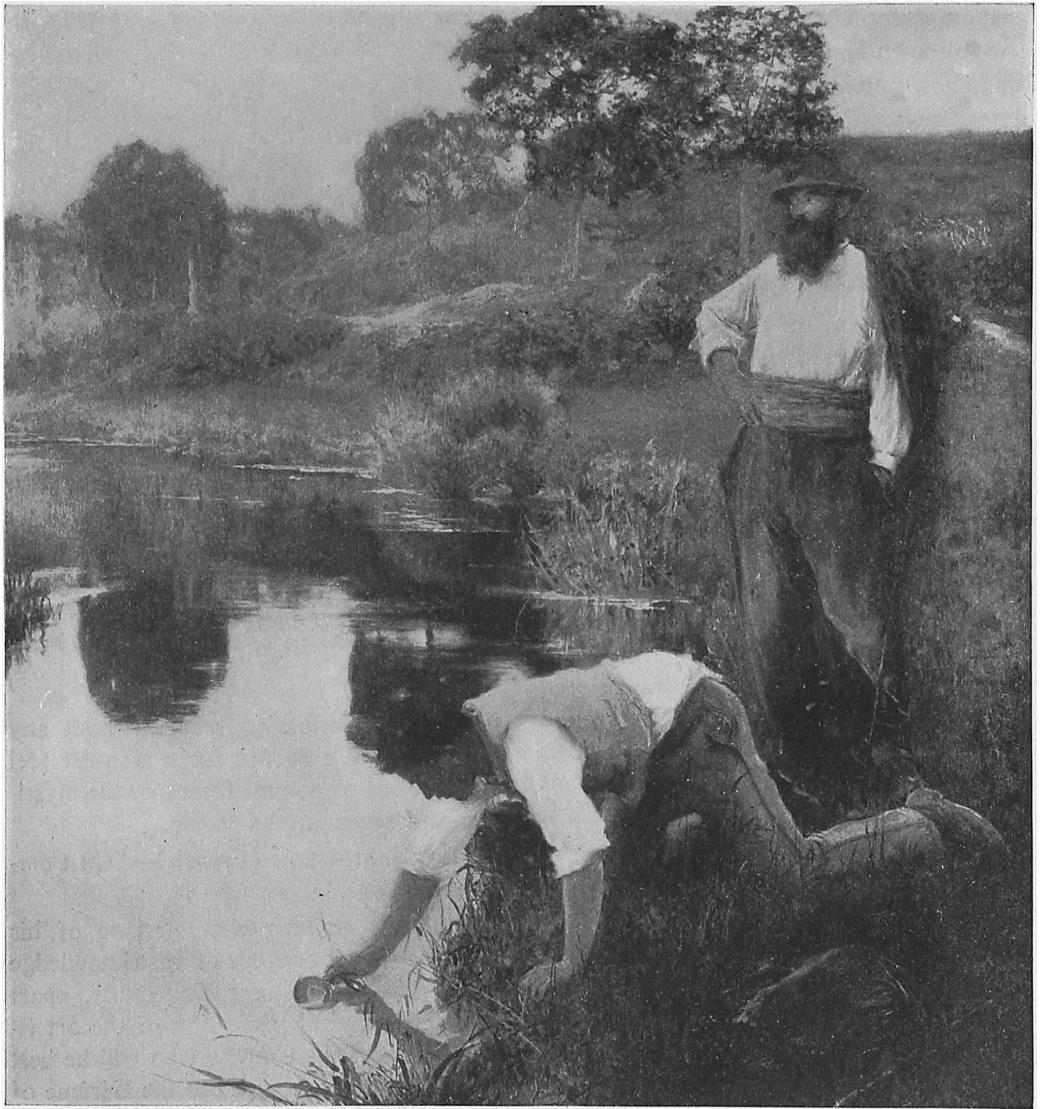
tomine transformation scene without any conviction. We do not for a moment feel the ebullition of natural forces, or the mysticism and sensuality of Rome.

GÉRÔME, JEAN-LÉON (French)—"*Un Combat de Coqs.*"

The most striking characteristic of his art is the idea it conveys of vast knowledge and of logical and searching study, apart from the technical perfection of the art itself. Perhaps the Gérôme who will be best remembered by the world is the Gérôme of Egypt and Africa, the painter who has made these countries live as picturesque facts for us. He had a profound knowledge of detail in the ways of Hebrews, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks; in fable and in history. It is not astonishing that an artist of so symmetrical and well-rounded a genius should be an able sculptor as well as a painter. Every official honor that falls to the Frenchman has fallen to him.

The Medal of Honor, that crown and glory of an artist's ambition in Paris, came to him thrice. He is represented in most public galleries of the world and few artists

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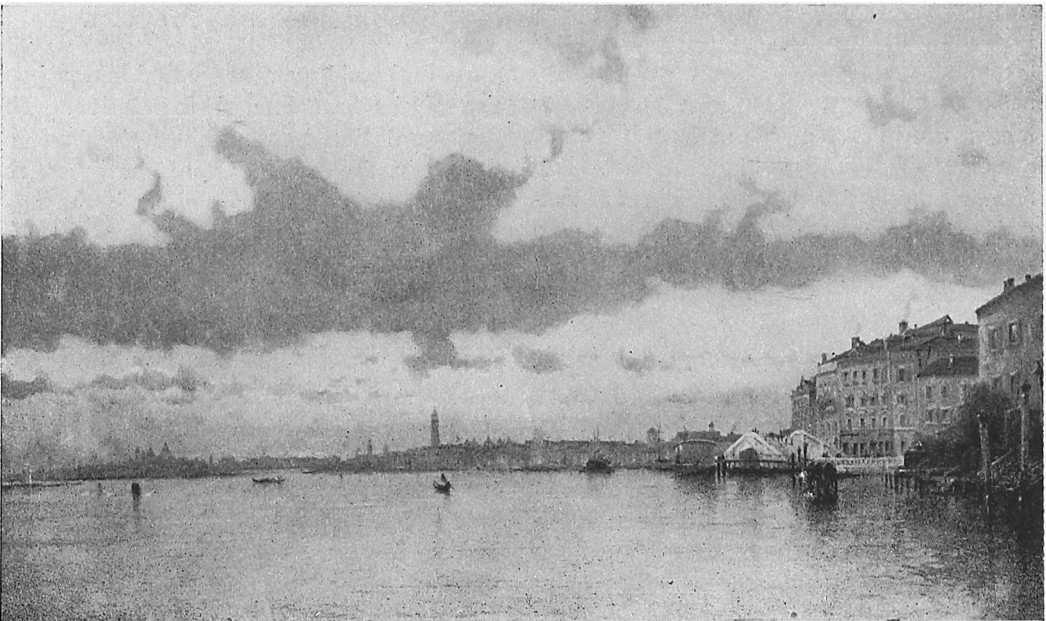
"LES CHEMINEAUX"
By Jules-Alexis Muenier (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

have had as much appreciation bestowed upon them while living as Gérôme. Some critics impatiently said that he was less occupied with progress than with success. At any rate, if his works are less popular it is not the neat and ingenious draughtsmanship which has changed, it is that the mode, the style, the public taste has moved on. In manner he has probably passed a little out of fashion, but his admirable drawing, his sure modeling, his mastery of relation and tone will assuredly never be out of date.

"*Un Combat de Coqs*" was painted as long ago as 1846 and the pigments are still in very good condition. It does not hold you; you pass it by and still the subject, apparently trivial, has under Gérôme's handling, taken on elegance and exquisite distinction. The figures are life size and treated in an entirely historical manner. The pedestal of an exhausted fountain, where a marble sphinx shows its disfigured profile is surrounded by the vegetation of a warm country; the metallic leaves of the arbutus, myrtles and oleanders stand out

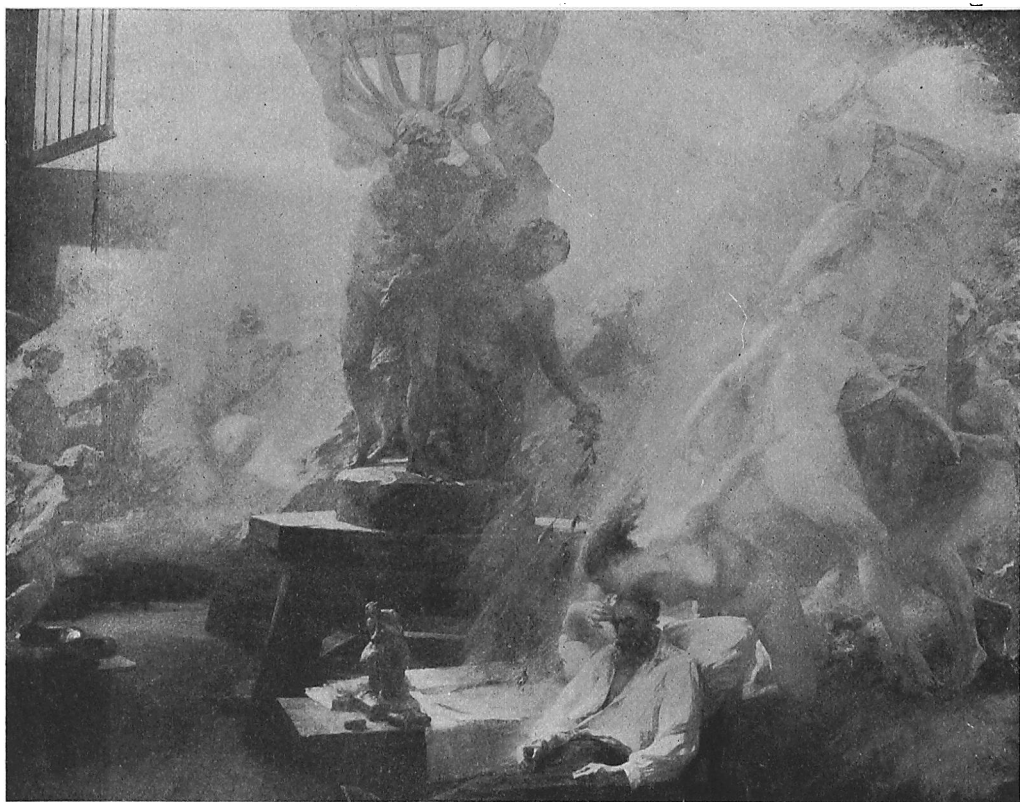
against the azure of the heavens and the crest of a promontory. Two young people are engaged in a combat of two courageous birds of Mars. The young girl leans upon the cage of the warlike fowls in a pose full of grace and elegance. One of her arms lightly presses the budding breast, which has the serpentine curve so sought for by the ancients. The foreshortened limbs are skillfully drawn. The blond tones of the hair contrast softly with the skin. The head has a childish delicacy, a virginal sweetness; her eyes are lowered and mouth parting in a smile of triumph, for her cock appears to have the advantage. Nothing can be more beautiful than this figure with its fold of white and yellow drapery, held in place by a purple cord. The grouping of tints admirably sets off the warm whiteness of the young Greek's body. The youth's features perhaps remind one a little too much of the model, but they are drawn with skill. The fowls are real prodigies of drawing and animation, one with neck bent, the triple collar of feathers



"*LE SOIR A VENISE*"
By M. J. Iwill (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

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"CARPEAUX"

By Albert Maignan (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

bristling, the eye full of fury, the crest bleeding, the beak open, the claw drawn back to the breast. One of the cocks, no longer touching the earth, darts forward, a marvel of pose, drawing and color. Not less worthy is the cock of coppery, reddish tinted plumage. They both show a singular elegance and nobility in cocks. They are the Epic Olympian birds. Gérôme himself says about the great success of this, almost his first picture, "Effect, at the moment, was in great favor, if accompanied by skill, and my picture had the slight merit of being painted by an honest fellow who, knowing nothing, had found nothing better to do than to lay hold on nature and follow her step by step."

This picture was entered in the competition for the *Prix de Rome* and refused; the sketch was called good but the painted figures rejected.

TRONCY, E. (French)—"*Les Bijoux*."

As in the old masters we find here a good use of the base line or foundation. The horizontal line is admirable; the back of the chair, the lower part of the dress, the desk, all assist in this.

BROWN, J. LEWIS (French)—"*Before the Start*."

He is an accomplished draughtsman and knows thoroughly the anatomy, the action, the physiognomy of the horse and all his surroundings; he is also an incisive colorist, at once delicate and fervid. His air is fresh and his earth is solid, touched with a broad, free hand. The scene of this picture is immediately before the race. A jockey wearing yellow as his color is already mounted, and stands in profile towards the right, patting his horse while it takes the drink offered by a helper. At the right, in

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LISEUSE
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

the second plane, we see the backs of two jockies, who are also mounted. One wears purple and white, the other red. A man walks at their side. At the left among a few trees still another jockey prepares to mount. In the background are the stands; over all a hot sky.

BAUDRY, PAUL-JACQUES-AIMÉ—"La Fortune et el Jeune Enfant."

You feel the velvety voluptuousness of it as you look upon its rich and mellow colors. It is rich, ripe, sensuous and intense in its warm coloring. It shows the influence of the Venetian masters, in the choice of motive, in the amber light, in the beautiful accord of the red and deep blues. The composition and attitudes remind one of "*Sacred and Profane Love*" at the Borg-hese, but it is not a servile imitation, for he shows his independence in the individuality of the arrangement. The light and ravishing attitude of Fortune, her delicious head, the grace of her mutinous mouth, with the suggestion of a smile, all are in perfect accord with the atmosphere and landscape, which, by the way, is of Rome, as he shows a corner of the Villa Medici. Although the picture was painted in Venice, Baudry himself said, "It was with La Fontain, with this charming spirit, so natural and so Gallic, that I made my way towards Correggio, Titian and Leonardo da Vinci. I did not pretend to create, happy if I could but remember."

About 1865, Baudry commenced the colossal work of decorating the foyer of the Paris Opera. It took him twelve years to finish the thirty-three pictures.

"Portrait de M. Peyrat, Sénateur"—a fine picture of a patient man of much culture and a good deal of learning, of a man possessed of the right kind of wisdom, standing before his desk, not in a posed, but in a very natural attitude, dressed in an old coat which fits him freely and in which he feels at ease. Everything here, color included, by selection, is of the prop-

er kind and all enhance the interest in the portrait as a portrait, and as a work of art.

A firmly modeled face of clean-shaven, seamed and thoughtful features; eyes and lips are expressive; the attitude, the hand, all are perfectly natural; there is no feeling of arrested action. The Senator has stopped a moment and is speaking; the face is full of character; it is a very living, very expressive portrait.

"La Vérité" in a small frame sits (Truth) on the edge of her well. She is so altogether ravishing that I wonder more of us do not seek her, so slender, so dainty, so fine against the background of trees; a mouth of honey where the roses wait to be kissed. She is perfectly delicious, feminine, at the same time goddess-like. Although without clothing she is dressed with the will to attract. The luminous mirror that she raises with one hand does not show to man his conscience, but she herself is reflected there.

This is Baudry's idea of truth. One other has said, "The Truth I saw one day was leaning motionless on a frozen and black wave between the stones of a wall. Truth is fierce, wild, shy and formidable to men, although beautiful. She frightens as she charms; it is not desire that she inspires but divine fright, dismay, terror. She is adroit and subtle like the Russian courtesans, full of tenderness, of coquetries."

MAIGNAN, ALBERT (French)—"*Carpeaux*."

He first painted landscapes, then interiors and after a journey to Spain, came home with the taste for color that made him one of the most precise colorists. As he developed he painted historical, dramatic and allegorical subjects. "*L'Absinthe*" is perhaps better known to the public than "*Carpeaux*." It is certainly more easily understood. Beyond the feeling that these figures, moulded by the author's genius, have thrown off the rigidity of marble and bronze and taken on the color of life, one gets only a general idea of the whole teeming with life, of imagination, skillfully exe-

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cuted and strikingly effective, especially when seen from a distance. A longer look and a few hints will place us at break of day in the large room of the Master's studio. Light streams through a large open window dispelling the mist. Carpeaux is asleep in an armchair. His position indicates one of utter fatigue; his legs stretched out under a brown cover. The model of Ugolin is before him on the table. Over the sculptor's head are the "Five Parts of the World" from the fountain of the Observatoire; on the right is the "Dance" group; and in the background the "Flora" of the Tuileries. Europe separates herself from the "Five Parts of the World" and extends a laurel branch over the brow of the sleeping master; other figures emerge from the distance.

It is said Maignan sent another picture with this to the Salon. This one was accepted and the other refused. Competent critics at the time insisted that the canvas which was refused was equal in merit and art to this canvas which in the Salon that year received the Medal of Honor.

LEPÈRE, AUGUSTUS (French)—"*Le Grain*."

Lepère's bad weather and sunshine are well known to picture lovers. He is original and dramatic, has charm and poise, but with it all this particular picture is without life. He brings the conscientious observation and sureness of touch which has made him an engraver of note, into the realm of painting. There is strength of construction and perfect justness of values of light and shade. It is this which gives solidity and accent of grandeur to "*Le Grain*."

TANNER, HENRY O. (American)—"*The Journey to Emmaus*."

Two disciples were walking towards a village called Emmaus, discussing all that had happened to Jesus, when a third joined them. And having asked them the reason for their sadness and finding them in controversy, concerning one "Jesus of Nazareth, a mighty prophet," whom they had

trusted in as the Messiah, who was to redeem Israel, but who instead, had been delivered up to the most shameful death of the cross and branded as an imposter. He began at Moses and all the prophets, and expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.

"And they drew nigh unto the village whither they went; and he made as though he would have gone farther.

"But they constrained him, saying, abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

"And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

"And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

"And they said one to another, did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" * *

The picture reveals the dawning wonder and awe upon the faces of the disciples, their astonishment and incredulous belief that their beloved Teacher has proved his assertion and has risen again from the dead, and that they should now be communing with him in the flesh.

Judged by the standard established by the number of types and individuals grouped together in the "*Raising of Lazarus*," and "*The Journey to Emmaus*," we find the work of Tanner greater, nobler and more imaginative than that of many of his predecessors and contemporaries for he has penetrated with a large measure of success the thought embodied in these usually impassive faces. In "*Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus*" we find the artist in his most serious mood and only rarely does he reach this level. While here he is less dramatic and passion-swept than in "*The Resurrection of Lazarus*," it fascinates the onlooker by the concentrated strength of his rendering and the intensity of the per-

sonality of all the characters thus quietly revealed. The Christ-like dignity in whose steady gaze dwells humility, mildness, endurance and faith, are equaled by the ascetic look of the disciple in the foreground and the veiled and solemn expression of the other disciple, both expressing with eyes full of wonder the final recognition of our Lord in the stranger who had thus far baffled their recognition.

DAGNAN-BOUVERET, P. A. I. (French)—
“*Le Pain Bénit.*”

He took his surname, Bouveret, from his mother in order to distinguish himself from another artist of the name, now dead. This taking of a *nom de brosse* often happens in France, but it seems strange to us. There are dozens of them in the art world, for example, those of Carolus-Duran and Iwill.

Dagnan-Bouveret is a small nervous man who puts all his heart and soul in each picture. He works with a nervous intensity, a fear that all may not go well. His naiveté and simplicity of heart communicate a charm to all he paints. Two things you find in his pictures; sincere observation and logical execution. One can also add emancipation from academic influences. Although a pupil of Gérôme, he soon threw off all mannerisms and conventionalities of academic training. He belonged more to the school of Bastien-Lepage, whose ardent friend he was. After Bastien-Lepage's death he said, “With every new picture that I paint, I shall try to think if he would have been satisfied.” But Dagnan-Bouveret is no blind follower of anyone. He has really, with his religious pieces and his peasants of Brittany, created a school of his own with many followers.

Very soon after leaving Gérôme's, his style became larger and his work more forceful and sober. The “*Pain bénit*” and the “*Horses Drinking*” are happy examples of that period. After that followed a manner still more poetic, more mysterious, with more and more subtle technique. “*The Tête*

de femme, Arabe” shows the change taking place in his manner.

He set but little store on the beauties which belong to form. His pictures do not betray much artifice in their arrangement, nor his figures much selection in their contours. It is in the color and in their bath of luminous air that they excel. Those who have seen his works will remember the truth of the flesh-painting, the simplicity of arrangement, the brilliancy of the natural color. In this particular picture we have reproduced there is great simplicity of the *mise en Scène* and an earnest naturalism in the religious feeling that runs through it. He has chosen a corner of a village church, where the walls are green with humidity. A number of women sit on wooden benches, reading their prayer books. Each face is a study in physiognomy and bares its own history of hard work. The impress of faith and hope in the future seems stamped upon them all, unless it be missing on that of the good looking young woman sitting at the side of the old woman in mourning who is about to take the *pain bénit* offered her by the young choir boy. This old woman's face is sweet and serious, while the other by contrast seems much less resigned to life. It is just such suggestions of the inner life of his people that add human interest to Dagnan-Bouveret's pictures. France has found them good and has not only done everything for him in the way of honors, but has given material appreciation.

L'HERMITTE, LÉON (French)—“*La paye des Moissonneurs.*”

Sixty years ago there was a sickly little boy, who to pass the long hours that he spent on his bed, copied pictures from the illustrated papers just as hundreds of children have done since. But this boy showed from the first such exceptional qualities that when he grew better a purse was made up and he was sent to Paris to study. Fortunately for him, besides being a pupil at the École des

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Beaux Arts, he entered the Atelier of Lecoq de Boisbaubran and became one of the favorite pupils of this great teacher of Cazin, Rodin, Legros, Fantin-Latour and many others. Boisbaudran recognized in him a man superior to the ordinary routine and left him unfettered in spirit and free from all trammels of conventional methods. This does not mean that he was not taught drawing, for one of Boisbaudran's maxims was, roughly translated, "One must live, and he who can draw will always have commissions."

L'hermitte was kept at his charcoal studies until by his cleverness in this medium he earned quite a reputation before he had ever used a brush, and today a great part of his reputation rests on these charcoal drawings where he obtains results of unusual suppleness, grace and power. His pastels are often of black crayon set off with pastels a little after Millet's way of employing them. He does not, however, follow Millet in his scenes of rural life; they are more after those of Bastien-Lepage.

It was from England that he received his first material encouragement (meaning money), although it was the Frenchman Legros who launched him. It was during this time, about 1870, that he learned to paint, while earning his living as etcher, lithographer, etc. This devotion to graphic art left its stamp upon his work, but the farther away he gets from that period the more forceful grows his color. However, he was a master of lithographing.

"Le paye des moissonneurs" is so characteristic of his personal manner that in spite of the popularity of many of his other works it remains the most popular. It was painted when he was nearly forty and since then his style has gained breadth and he deals more freely with his models. In fact, this is a work of his transition period. The rather commonplace secondary characters

show this, but the old bareheaded reaper, resting on the bench, gives to the work its moral significance. This figure is a discovery. It symbolizes the rugged, yet noble, toil of the soil. He has been engaged upon wresting from the earth the fruit of man's labor, a task to test man's efficiency. Little graces, paltry accomplishments, the pretenses of civilization, avail one nothing here. The only things, the big things that count are the elemental qualities, slow endurance, faith that holds fast through all the changes of weather and the power of toughened muscle that may ache, but must, in spite of that, yield due obedience to the will. The story told is easily understood, but the symbolism must be felt. L'hermitte's youth made him familiar with these scenes of angular rusticity and he sees labor in the colors of labor, or in other words in the colors of the earth and in those of the dirty clothing in which these men have labored, sweat and slept. He carries this so far that the faces and skin as well as the walls and the ground keep to these colors. Everything is selected to intensify this feeling of hard pitiless labor, labor performed by the sweat of their brows. The blue of the farmer's blouse and the red of the roofs, which, by the way, is a cold red without yellow, accent, by contrast this feeling of fagged-out labor.

The picture was not painted in any haphazard way, but with infinite thought. Take for instance the space. What prudence, what thought and what measuring he must have done! Each figure is studied and ordered, following the frame with the cleverness of a designer who has had a long experience in compressing his composition to get the greatest effect. There is no emptiness in his picture or design, even though the figures may be isolated. This is a mark of an artist who thinks, and you will see this in his figure pieces, his decorative works and in his landscapes.